

The Slightly Bruised Banana



(a poem)

Alone it sits
upon the counter
yellow, soft, and ripe

Gently weeping to itself,
“Am I just not your type?”

It fondly thinks of yesterdays
when connected to the bunch.
It remembers youthful daydreams
of being somebody’s lunch.

But now it sits all lonesome
watching kitchen passerbys
and with each overlooking
forms new bruises, spots, ... and cries.

Next time you’re in the kitchen
and see that fruit of yellow
take and eat the poor old thing

(or pretend it's a phone, and say hello!)

Birdtown Comics